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Thayer's Tell-A-Scope

Stiff Collar Set Takes to Orange

Plaid Jackets

CPYRGHT

By Mary V. R. Thayer

BEFORE Jacob Beam left Washington to take on his challenging job as U. S. Ambassador to Poland, he solved a difficult problem. He bought second hand and for four dollars and fifty cents, a pair of striped trousers. Now for years and years, smart alecs have been disparaging members of our Foreign Service by calling them "striped pants boys" and "cookie pushers." So it would seem incredible that a top member of this distinguished government service should be striped-pantless. But such is the plight of many, Ambassador Beam assured us, and further pointed out that his new "second hands" were to be used only at the ceremony



Mrs. Thayer

when his Letter of Credence was accepted by the pinky-red Polish government.

Ambassador Beam's conclusion was that Americans were becoming more informal as to dress, while Communists were becoming increasingly formal.

Beam's theory, fortunately, is not entirely substantiated. But there is a growing degageness among prominent Washingtonians. Over at the State Department, for instance, where once stiff collars and creased trousers were de rigueur even in summer (and before air-conditioning), there's a definite drip-dry look and scarcely a crease in sight. Among the White House staffers, what does attractive Special Assistant to the President Fred Dearborn wear out on a summer evening? Well, orange linen trousers, a violent orange-red-black-yellow plaid Madras jacket AND a yellow and black striped tie. The Central Intelligence Agency's Deputy Director Robert Amory is also a Madras jacketer, while James Reston, top political columnist for the New York

Times, goes to work on the Hill in a gay checkered orlon-dacron concoction.

But perhaps the most interesting outfit is worn by CBS radio and television commentator Eric Sevareid, a tall, dark chunk of man, who often wears a hunter's green-with-yellowish-overtone, gabardine jacket and trousers. Sevareid chose the material himself, but, unluckily, under artificial light, and was quite startled first time he wore it outside.

SO MUCH for pinpointers of informality. Down on the Hill, where menswear is mostly monotonous (except for Sen. Flanders' waistcoats) the bright exception is Senator Lyndon Johnson, whose suitings and accessories could never be rivalled by any Soviet bigwig. Outstanding Johnson items include San Antonio made shirts with collars and bow ties all of a piece. Most spectacular is all white with a tiny black dot.

The Senator wears a beige Stetson hat, and on his French cuffed shirts are links, either with the Texas seal, in gold or a map of Texas with a chip diamond marking hometown Johnson City. When the Senator isn't in a how tie mood, he'll wear one of an assortment of long ties sporting his monogram LBJ. The Johnsons are crazy about their monogram, everyone in the family has it—Lady Bird Johnson, his wife, daughters Lynda Bird and Lucy Bayne, and the pup, Little Beagle Johnson.